

ADVENTURE AT LONG TUNNEL

By C. W. REAMER. (Copyrighted, 1900, by C. W. Reamer.)

Telegraphers are essentially a class of rovers. In the daily course of their business they are brought in touch with points hundreds, even thousands, of miles distant. The space of distance is thus lost, and at the same time a feeling of restlessness is created which can be satisfied only by travel. To this rule I am no exception. For several years I had knocked about the country at random. I had seen service in both the large commercial telegraph companies and on many railroads. I had traveled by Pullman and by freight, according to the state of my finances at the time, and in the course of these travels I had met with many experiences which, when viewed retrospectively, are brightened by the glamour of romance, but at the time were terribly real. One of these is the story which I have to relate.

It was in the spring of 1890 that, in the course of my wanderings, I drifted into Asheville. My finances were in a depleted state, and it became necessary to replenish them. Several days had been spent in a vain search for a position, when I dropped in to see the superintendent of telegraph on one of the great railroads leading out of Asheville. Putting on my best foot, I asked him if he needed a first-class operator.

"Well," said he, looking me over quizzically, "I do need a man if he's the right kind. Where have you worked?"

I mentioned the name of a single railroad only. Roving telegraphers are not favored.

"Any references?"

I produced a soiled paper that had accompanied me through all my wanderings.

"A little stale," he said, "and somewhat the worse for wear, but it looks all right. Go into the next room and Mr. Jones will see what he can do."

He took me to the door and introduced me to the dispatcher, who was sitting at a table with the train record spread before him.

"Well," said the dispatcher, turning to me, "answer that fellow calling 'Hi.'"

I answered, took the message and handed it to him. He looked at the handwriting approvingly.

"Now," he said, "send him that one." When I had done so he took me to the superintendent.

"Well," said the superintendent, when he had heard the report, "I guess you'll do. Now, I want you to go to the east end of Long tunnel. We are widening the tunnel for three tracks. While this work is going on one of the two tracks at present there will necessarily be blocked, and we will have to run trains through the tunnel on a single track. For this purpose we have opened a telegraph office at the east end of the tunnel. The position will be one of responsibility. You will have to be constantly on the alert—no going to sleep and losing trains there," he added, warningly.

"I thank you for your kindness," I answered. "When shall I go?"

"Be ready to go on duty tomorrow night."

"I shall give a good account of myself," I answered as I left him.

The next morning I boarded the train for my new field of labor. Long tunnel was about forty miles west of Coal

tower. For miles to the east the railroad ran parallel with the river, through a beautiful and fertile valley, but at this point it had met an obstruction in the shape of the mountain, and, parting from its sinuous companion, had plowed its way through this natural barrier, emerging into the light of day a mile to the westward. At this point a temporary telegraph office had been erected, between which a private wire had been strung for the exclusive use of the tunnel operators. The offices themselves were hastily constructed shanties, each containing a chair and a table for the instruments.

The same evening I went on duty at the east of Long tunnel. The day man explained to me the nature of the work, which was anything but arduous.

"You simply call up the man at the other end when you want to let a train in the tunnel," said he, and get his permission. He must do the same before he lets a train enter at his end. Such permission having been given, the operator giving it is bound to hold all opposite trains until the train which has been given the right of way clears at the other end. That is all it amounts to. It's the greatest snap I ever had."

The result of all this was that no train could enter the tunnel until the operator at the other end had signified that the track was clear and would be kept clear until such train had emerged at the other end. Simple as the system was, its very simplicity seemed only to add to its effectiveness, and had we, the operators, adhered to its strictly, this story would not have been written. But one night about a month after my advent at Long tunnel a chance event disclosed to me and the operator at the west end the possibility of making it simpler still. It came about in this way:

About 3 o'clock one Sunday morning a belated freight train approached my end of the tunnel. I opened the key and called the man at the other end, but he had evidently forgotten that the train was back, and had taken advantage of the quiet to catch a nap.

"Dawson must be pounding his ear," I said to the watchman, who was stretched out on the floor in the corner. "I can't raise him."

"That gentleman, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward, was evidently indulging in the same luxury, for his answer was a snore."

I kept on calling until the long train had come almost to a standstill. I knew as a matter of fact that there were no trains bound in the opposite direction within many miles of Long tunnel. They also knew that there were they could not enter the tunnel until given the signal by the operator, and such signal could not be given until I had been consulted. I was, therefore, perfectly safe in allowing the train to proceed. So, not wishing to hold it, I pulled the signal, and it rolled into the tunnel. When it came out at the other end and noise aroused the sleeping operator, and I told him what I had done.

This event, as I said, awakened in both of us possibilities that had never before occurred. Sitting at breakfast in the big farm house the same morning, we talked the matter over.

"There is no reason," said Dawson, after we had discussed the thing from

all sides, "why we shouldn't get some sleep out of this."

"Especially," I added, "when we can do so with perfect safety."

So we agreed that for the future if one of us called the other for "track" and received no reply, he should act on the assumption that the other was asleep, and let the train go through. In such a course there appeared to be no danger, because if, while this train was in the tunnel, another should approach at the opposite end, the operator there would have to call up the other man to get the right of way, when he could be informed of the state of affairs.

And thus we altered the system which had been adopted by the officials. To suit our own convenience. So far as we could see there was in the new system not a single flaw. No possible contingency could we devise with which it could not successfully cope. But such

a lump of coal strike the door. Some of the trainmen were in the habit of throwing off old papers and magazines for my personal use. Usually took this way to attract my attention. Believing this to be the case now, I picked up the lantern and stepped out of the office to look for the papers. But I found nothing. Thinking that the momentum of the train might have carried them along I walked up the track perhaps fifty feet, but could see nothing of the papers. Then I returned to the office. I had been out perhaps two minutes, but in that time the mischief had been done. The "all lights" of the freight were just entering the tunnel when I again called Dawson. This time he answered.

"No, 54 is in the tunnel," I told him on the wire. "Don't let anything in east."

"My God," he ticked back, and the dots and dashes came to me like the death warrant to a condemned culprit:



AS I LOOKED, THERE CAME FROM THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL A WHITE LIGHT.

a contingency did arise, and it shall ever be to me an object lesson of the limits to human conception. We went on with our new scheme for a month, sleeping when we chose and staying awake when we chose, when our "system" was suddenly exploded.

On the particular night in question the operator at the other end of a tunnel was attending a festival in a neighboring village, and his place was filled by the day man. Of this fact I was unaware until afterward. About 1 o'clock I got out my lunch basket and had just made a half moon in a piece of pie when a heavy freight train drifted around the curve and whistled for the signal. As usual, I called the man at the other end. Receiving no answer, I pulled the signal to white, and the train rolled slowly into the tunnel. As the engine passed the office I heard

"I just let an 'extra' go. I called you, but couldn't raise you, so I let them in."

Swift as lightning the terrible truth flashed over me. He had called while I was out looking for the papers. Failing to raise me, he had lived up to the letter of our system and sent the train through the tunnel. And now—what? Why, two iron fiends, guided by human hands, were relentlessly bearing down upon each other in the heart of the mountain, and no power on earth could stop them.

The sensation which I then experienced is something that every man will have to imagine for himself; it is incapable of being put down in black and white. Without knowing what I was doing, or why I was doing it, I put on my hat and coat. Then I sized out of the door and up the track to the mouth

of the tunnel. I listened for the crash that must surely come. I strained my eyes in vain endeavor to penetrate the tunnel's black mouth. I thought of the human lives that were going swiftly and surely to their awful death, and I their murderer. I wished that I might be in the tunnel when the monsters met in combat, and be the first to die.

Soon this mood gave way to another—the instinct of self-preservation. I turned about and faced the open country. Surely, in that wide, limitless expanse which stretched far away to the east, there was some place where I might hide myself—some haven where I might be secure from the vengeance of the law. I leaped over the ditch at the side of the track and climbed the fence. Blindly I stumbled across the swampy bottom, going I knew not nor cared not where, but simply that I was going.

Once I turned and looked back. I could see the signal light at the entrance of the tunnel, glowing through the blackness of the night the danger signal, red.

"Curse you," I cried out in my desperation, "you can show danger now that it is too late."

But as I looked there came from the mouth of the tunnel a white light, large and brilliant, causing grim shadows to dance up and down on the glistening rails. At first I thought I was dreaming; but I looked again, and knew, even in the face of the utter impossibility of the thing, that it was the headlight of an engine—the "extra."

Then, like a crazy man, laughing one minute and crying the next, I ran toward the office. Several times I fell, but in an instant I was up again and on. I did not make myself how this could be, I made no attempt to reason it out. I knew, simply and only, that the miracle had happened—that the two trains had passed each other without a collision. And so, covered with mud from my falls in the swamp, I reached the office which a few moments before I had left bearing with me a terrible burden. The instrument was ticking off my call as I walked in the door. I sank down on the chair and answered.

"Where in the name of God have you been?" asked Dawson's substitute. "I thought you were skipping the country."

"Don't ask me where I've been. Tell me how the trains passed in the tunnel."

"You fool," he retorted. "They didn't pass in the tunnel. I held the 'extra' here until 54 had cleared."

"You told me you had let the 'extra' in."

"Yes, my boy. I did that to teach you a lesson. Dawson told me of your little scheme. After he left I got thinking it over. When you called me to get the track for 54 I was standing in the doorway. I knew that you would let the train come anyway, so I didn't trouble myself to answer. Then the 'extra' came. I thought you might be holding the train, so I called you. When you didn't answer there flashed over me the possibility of what might have occurred had I been asleep when you called for 54. You would have let them in, as you in fact did. Then the extra would have wakened me, and I should have called you for track. Receiving no answer, I should have presumed you were sleeping and let the 'extra' go. Now you see what your little scheme might have led to."

"Yes," I said, "I see."

I was too much relieved at the happy outcome of the affair to be angry at his deception. But I told Dawson what had happened, and the next night we abandoned our system and thereafter used the old one.

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Feel bad today?

Over-eating, working and drinking may have caused it, or you may have caught cold. Makes you feel mean—bad taste—and a headache. Go upon our advice just once and take



No mercurial or pill poison in CASCARETS, but an absolutely harmless, purely vegetable compound. Pleasant, palatable, potent. They taste good and do good. Get the genuine C.C.C. Any drugstore, 10c, 25c, 50c. Take one now and

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AUSTRALIA'S CANNIBAL TREE DESTROYS ITS HUMAN PREY

Mrs. Ellis Rowan of Melbourne, Australia, who is at present in New York, and who has traveled more extensively in the cannibal country than any other European woman, has told recently of the existence in Australia of a forest tree which is perhaps one of the most wonderful plants of nature. It will hold in its center and devour the body of a man quite as readily as our insectivorous wild flowers trap the insects on which they partly subsist. The tree is called the cannibal tree. As Mrs. Rowan describes it, its appearance may be imagined to resemble a mammoth pineapple which often reaches to the height of eleven feet. Its foliage is composed of a series of broad, board-like leaves, growing in a fringe at its apex. Instead, however, of standing erect, as does the little green tuft at the top of a pineapple, these leaves droop over and hang to the ground. In the largest specimens they are often from fifteen to twenty feet long, and strong enough to bear the weight of a man. Hidden under these curious leaves is to be found a peculiar growth of spear-like formations, arranged in a circle and which perform the same function for the plant as do pistils for flowers. They can not, however, abide to be touched.

Among the natives of Australia there is a tradition that in the old days of the antipodean wilds this tree was worshipped under the name of the "Devil's Tree." Its wrath was thought to be greatly dreaded. As soon as its huge green leaves began to rise, lessly up and down its worshippers interpreted the sign as meaning that a sacrifice must be made to appease its anger. One among their number was therefore chosen, stripped of his garment and driven by shouting crowds up one of its leaves to the apex. All went well with the victim until the instant that he stepped into the center of the plant and on the so-called pistils, when the broad like leaves would fly together and clutch and squeeze out the life of the intruder. By early travelers in Australia it is affirmed that the tree would then hold its prey until every particle of his flesh had fallen from his bones, after which the leaves would relax their hold and the gaunt skeleton fall headlessly to the ground. In this way did its worshippers seek to avert disaster and to still the demon spirit among them.

The tree's present name and its use as a play way of scattering about the bones of a victim after one of the feasts.

Mail Orders.

Your mail orders will receive the same careful attention as you would if personally present to do your shopping.

Our well equipped MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is always at your service. Write for our new SPRING AND SUMMER Illustrated Shopping Guide. We'll pay the postage.

We are very anxious that you become more thoroughly acquainted with our Mammoth and Complete Assortment of Black Dress Silks. To bring this about we are going to make Prices of Warranted Black Silks so Attractive that you will be induced to purchase now any Black Silk that you may need for present or future use for the year.

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK, WARRANTED QUALITY, 20 inches wide, of German manufacture, value, \$1.50.
Black Satin Duchesse, 22 inches wide, richly finished, value, \$1.50.

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE SILK, soft and pliable quality of imported make, value \$1.50.
BLACK TAFFETA SILK, PURE DYE, Swiss make, value, \$1.50, 25 inches wide.

Black Dress Goods Sale.

The Special Offering of B. Priestley & Co.'s Black Dress Goods mentioned last week made lively selling in the Black Dress Goods Department the past week. They are the finest materials we have ever been able to offer at One-third Less Than Regular Prices. Again Tomorrow you may Share in the Saving of this Fortunate Purchase.

60 inches wide, Priestley & Co.'s Silk Warp Marcellita "Cravenette" (shower proof), the very best summer textile on the market; value \$1.59; sale \$1.19.

44-inch Priestley's Black Crepon, entirely new designs; value \$2.50; sale \$1.69.

GOOD SHOES

Cost Less Than Poor Shoes.

Call and Let Us Prove It to You. We Sell Shoes Only That We Make Good, if Not Entirely satisfactory to You. A Few of Our Many Good Shoes at Proof Positive Pushing Prices:

LADIES' OXFORDS.
Ladies' black kid Oxfords, new, up-to-date styles, all sizes and widths. OUR P. P. PRICE \$1.35.

LADIES' OXFORDS.
Ladies' fine quality kid Oxfords, black and tan colored, new, stylish goods, all sizes and widths. OUR P. P. PRICE \$1.95.

LADIES' SHOES.
Ladies' good quality black kid Shoes, lace and button, latest styles, all sizes and widths. OUR P. P. PRICE \$1.45.

LADIES' SHOES.
Ladies' fine quality black lace Shoes, plain cloth top. A very pretty Shoe. ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS. OUR P. P. PRICE \$1.95.

Our Assortment of Misses' and Children's Slippers is the Most Complete in the City.

Flowerback & Bro.

Ladies' Tailormade Suits.

We are now showing a fine assortment of excellent styles in Ladies' Tailor-made Suits in BROWNS, TANS, BLUES, BLACKS and GRAYS, at special low prices for one week only.

JUST RECEIVED 25 BLACK SUITS, which, through a fortunate purchase of our buyer, we are enabled to offer our customers for \$15.00 and..... \$20.00 while the regular value today is \$20.00 to \$30.00.



Special Shirt Waist Bargains
ONE WEEK ONLY.
Percale Shirt Waist, in Blue, Pink, Heliotrope assorted Stripes, value \$1.75, for \$1.00

Just received New Styles in the celebrated Derby and Stanley Waists, including Latest Novelties in White and Colors.

LADIES' GLOVES

amine the Glove the more the prices astonish you.

At 69c a pair.

Ladies' 2-clasp Chamois Glove, in white, natural and pearl, all sizes, every pair WARRANTED ANTEED WASHABLE; it's the ideal glove for summer wear; in the regular \$1.00 grade; special for this week at..... 69c Piece of Chamois Soap with each pair.

Ladies' Fancy Collars.

Special for this week at 25c.

New pretty styles in all colors, a beautiful assortment, fresh from the makers, regular prices from 35c to 65c, your choice, commencing Monday morning, at each..... 25c

These are Exceptional Values in Women's Underwear.

In these times of endless fluctuations it is prudent to buy largely when chances like the following are presented. We have never offered better bargains.

Ladies' Japanese Sleeveless Vests, in pink, blue and cream, as pretty as the finest silk, but far more durable. They sell regularly at 65c each; this week at..... 50c

Ladies' extra fine French ribbed low-neck Vests, sleeveless or with short sleeves, in ecru or white, a fine 40 grade this week at..... 25c

Ladies' extra fine Lisle Thread, low-neck, sleeveless Vests, in fast black or ecru, all sizes; a good 75c quality at..... 50c

Ladies Low-neck, Derby, Ribbed Summer Vest, special bargain values at

Two Specials in

Ladies' Suits.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

Ladies' extra fine \$15.00 Suits in gray, blue, black, for one week only..... \$9.50

Ladies' \$22.50 handsome man-tailored Suits, assorted styles, in tan, black or blue shades, for one week only, at..... \$15.00



Ladies' Dark Colored Wrapper.

Like cut, in Black and White, Blue and White, Red and White, assorted patterns, Special this week, \$1.15

LADIES' SILK AND SATIN WAISTS.

in Assorted Colors. Newest Styles, excellent values, from \$5.90 to \$9.50

Two Extraordinary Bargains. The Best Glove Offer in the city. The more you examine, New, elegant, stylish, reliable Gloves.

At 72c a pair.

THE ORLEANS, Ladies' 2-clasp GLACE KID GLOVE, in tan, brown, gray, ox-blood, black and cream; we offer these \$1.00 values at a price that should demand your instant and prompt attention; all sizes at..... 72c

WE CONTINUE FOR ONE MORE WEEK THE GREATEST OF ALL SALES OF

Infants' Wear.

IF YOU HAVE NOT SUPPLIED THE BABY WANTS DURING LAST WEEK, BE SURE AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS GRAND SALE OF INFANTS' FURNISHINGS.

Ladies' extra quality cream Vests, in fine Merino, with high neck and long sleeves, all sizes, an excellent \$1.00 grade at..... 70c

Pants to match, in knee and ankle lengths, all sizes, at..... 70c

Ladies' cream Vests, shaped waist, in high neck with long or short sleeves, all sizes, special for this week at..... 29c

Pants to match, with ribbed or lace trimmed bottom, a 40c grade for this week..... 29c

5c, 8c, 10c, 12c and 15c each

For Correct Spring and Summer Styles

THE NEW

Butterick Patterns

Offer exact help to the woman who makes her own dresses and to the makers of Children's dresses as well.

MAY PATTERNS and DELINEATORS are now in.

THE CHARMS OF WASH GOODS.

Charms that Salt Lake ladies have always recognized freely and more charming than ever this season. We've never sold so many Novelty ties up to date any previous season. What better compliment could we receive? Such Prices as these are our kind:

50 Pieces National Cord Dimities, in white grounds, with colored designs, 27 inches wide, here Monday, per yard..... 8c

50 Pieces Cordiac Dimities, in beautiful color combinations worth 15c, here Monday, per yard..... 10c

50 Pieces Yard-wide Printed Batiste, a very popular style, value 20c, here Monday, per yard..... 15c

Early choosers of Novelties have the advantage, because no one of the patterns is here in large quantities and the prettiest sell so. With attractions of weave go attractions of price.

White Goods Beauty

In large quantities. The great variety defies description. If there's any white textile for any possible occasion, we have it. The prices will surely decide you in the matter of where to do your White Goods Buying.

A new line of Fancy White Lace Striped Lawn, with alternate stripes of satin and lace open work, value 10c; this week, per yard..... 6c

40-inch wide White Baby Moll Chokers, value 27c; this week, per yard..... 18c

Double-width White French Batiste, a crisp sheer white fabric, guaranteed to wash, regular price 75c; this week, per yard..... 54c

A Great Portiere Chance.

24 pair Beautiful New Fancy Denim Portieres, fringed all around, novel designs, no better designs in Portieres selling at double the price; this week, per pair..... \$2.88

Concerning the New Curtains.

Some new arrivals this week at prices so low that their mere mention will unquestionably bring throngs of buyers to this department. White Honiton Curtains, entirely new, size 3 1/2x16, worth \$7.00; just for this week, per pair..... \$4.68

Extremely attractive White Novelty Curtains, size 3 1/2x18, bought to sell at \$5.50; just for this week, per pair..... \$6.20

\$15.50 White Brussels Net Curtains, 4 yards long, choice every way; just for this week, per pair..... \$14.35

A Tempting Special in Fine Table Linen.

2 yards wide, very fine Full Bleached Irish Double Satin Damask, usually sold at \$2.75 a yard, goes this week, per yard..... \$1.95

3/4 size, very fine Dinner Napkins to match, usually sold at \$2.00; go this week, per dozen..... \$5.40

Men's Furnishings and Children's Clothing Department.

Special offering for this week. This store is always expected to do something unusual; in this offering of FAUNTELROY WAISTS for the JUVENILES is one of our unusuals.

Special for this week. Children's white Blouse Waists, beautiful embroidered and ruffled, in sizes from 3 to 8, worth 85c. Special for this week, at..... 75c

See them in our north window. Child's Colored Blouse Waists in blue, Turkey red and many fancy patterns, ruffled on collars, cuffs and front. Sell regular at 75c; for this week's selling they all go at..... 60c

Men's Suspenders.

One of the principal necessities of man's wardrobe. For this week we offer two great bargain specials:

LOT 1839—Pure silk webs, white leather ends, gilt buckles, worth \$1.00. Special this week, at..... 60c

LOT 1001—Fancy linen webs, white kid ends, something extra fine. Worth 75c. Special this week at..... 39c</